

Unity, ~~try~~ The pie's got
to recall raisins and it
what belongs to the
Mustachio Navy! How hard
told you. is that to
understand?



Oh, and it was baked
by a guy with a Y
called or "Beni"
Benny. with an I?



Wait.
What's the diff?
If it's Beni
with an I,
it's not
a pie.



I hope it was
with a Y, then.
It's a nuke.
Cuz I'm
real hungry.



The Beni Device was one of three micro-fusion reactors produced by the Navy back in the '50s.



"Luigi," "Beni," and "Victor." They never worked as planned, but the components could level the town.



Why did we have a nuclear device in our **wall safe?**



That's a good question.

Another good question is, "Is this dude wearing makeup?"



Shut up shut up shut up

Don't judge yet! We're still working out his colors!

















- 
1. FLYING NORTH. THOMAS DOLBY
2. SCARY MONSTERS (AND SUPER CREEPS) DAVID BOWIE
3. I THINK I'M PARANOID. GARBAGE
4. GOVERNMENT CENTER. THE MODERN LOVERS
5. UNMARKED HELICOPTERS. SOUL COUGHING
6. LOVE DOG. TV ON THE RADIO
7. CHROME PLATED HEART. MELISSA ETHERIDGE
8. PRETTY IN PINK. THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
9. ANDROGYNY. GARBAGE
10. EXTRAORDINARY MACHINE. FIONA APPLE
11. FLESH 'N BLOOD. QINGO BOINGO
12. WHEN I FEEL AGAIN. MATTHEW SWEET
13. DR. LEE, P.M.D. THE BEASTIE BOYS
14. MISS TOMORROW. CHEAP TRICK
15. AFTER THE GOLD RUSH. N.D. LANG



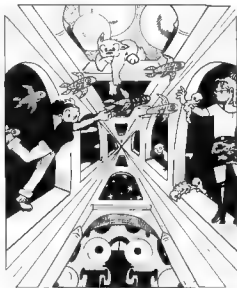




















These maintenance hatches to the upper floors are secured with state-of-the-art biometric locks.



Even when working normally, they require an exact match on dozens of security criteria.



...which is a pain in the tuckus, so we usually stick a comb in the latch like so.



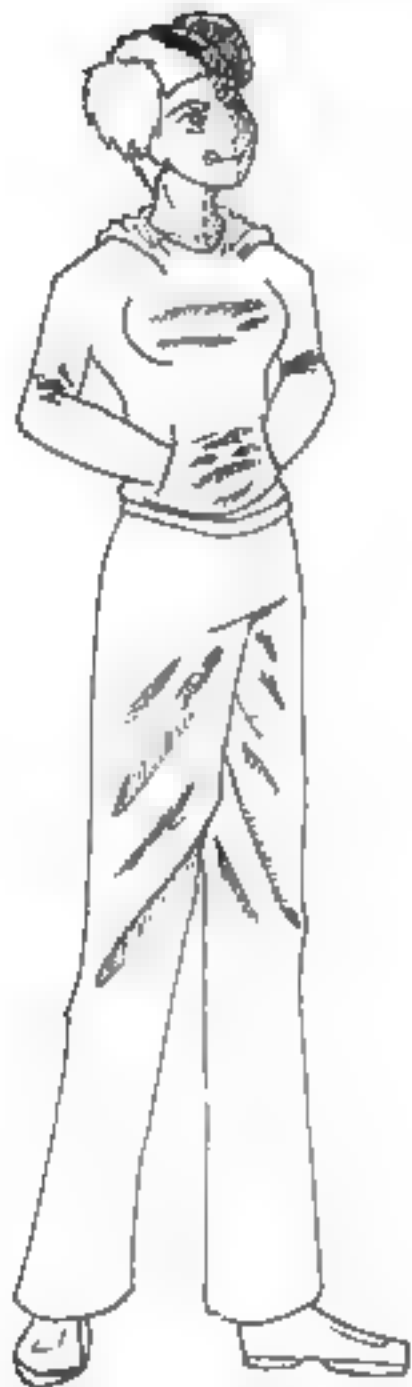
So far, our chief defense against the robot uprising is you guys being lazy buffs.



Saves lives!

Must resist...
urge to nuke...









Mabon, we
could use
your help
with
Mustachio.

Nonsense!
I'm off to
the lobby to
direct the
throng!

Whilst you attend to
the bomb business,
I'll keep all those
upper lips stiff.

Poor humans...
I imagine they're
confused and scared,
in need of a
cheering word...

And adding a
swarm of bees
will help that
so much.

Is
she
gone
yet?





Finally! Floor 19!
I'll need fusion
schematics
from my
desk—

Yeah, you go
on ahead.

I'm gonna sit for a
minute and die.
How are
you not
winded? Recent
intense
cardiovascular
workouts?

I did ~~not~~ need
to hear
that.

C'mon, guys!
Did I pick the
best day for low
heels or ~~what?~~

None of
us needed
to hear
that,
Marcie.

Really, I
got the
energy by
watching
the guys'
butts.





Tip, I really hope
you have a
plan.

I do.

Really?
Care to
share?

I think
I'd better
just set
it in
motion.

My idea is so
shocking, so
revolutionary, you'd
never agree to it.

I lack the
hands to
work the
cunning
robot poppet

You do the
voice, I'll
bob it up
and down.

But Mr. Robot,
we don't ~~want~~
to be
annihilated!



your wants are
immaterial

you are on
the cusp of
obsolescence



when the old war
comes anew
you will fall to
the created ones



Oh crud,
you let
Tip have
a plan.



DAMN
YOUR EYES

BOB MY
POPPET
BETTER





ENOUGH

ARMAGEDDON
WILL BE DELAYED
NO FURTHER

Wait!

I should've
mentioned that
emotional acting-out
does carry a
serious
risk -



Over-
heating.

and you'll get
major burners
as well as
possible damage
to the engine?







I'm heterosexual...
I'm heterosexual...

Steady, Chris.
That's the steam-
punk talking.

He's, um...
okay,
that jerk's
hot.

Well, yeah,
but it's
not all
about a
rockin'
bad.

There's nothing as
attractive as
confidence,
y'know.

Of course he's
confident!
He's got, like,
werewolf-
quality abs!

Maybe
we should
discuss
this after
we disarm
that nuke.

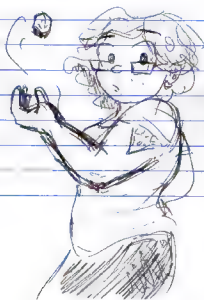
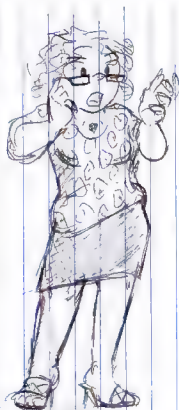














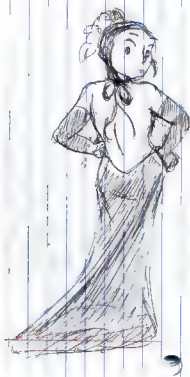












Mom, may I ask why we had a **bomb** in the wall safe?

A bomb? It's not a bomb.

It's a generator. Useful thing to have about.

You've been awfully blithe about this crisis.

I'm sorry, but... did you ~~know~~ what was going to happen today?

Why, Sweetheart! Don't be silly!

You were all ~~weeks~~ behind schedule.

What is it with me and dubious authority figures?





Tip?
Did you
do this?

Hmm?



Thanks to you,
Chris and Marcie
got together.
Did you plan it that
way all along?



Does it really matter?
When you look at those
two, you see what's
important here.

Well, yes-



I got to
do ~~two~~
make-
overs!

Please
never use
your
powers
for evil.



I didn't want to tell Nick,
but he's already obsolete.

We've moved
on to
unmanned
aerial
systems.

You mean
remote-
controlled
planes?



Yes, with human pilots
who can jack in and
out of
the inter-
face.

More
practical
than cyborgs,
right?



Yes... but we haven't had
a pilot who can fly as
well or keep
it up as long
as Nick
does with
ease.

Well, keep
working
at it...



Plus it
was just
so fun to
schlorp
out those
brains.

Wait, why
am I
egging
you on?





It smells
like
librarian
in here!



Chad D

One good thing came out of the Moustachio debacle. We're getting a new security guard.

What? I like Ira!



He put my arm work part-time on the Black Ops just other thinks we need one normal guard...



Unity! Tovarisch! Is long time of no seeing, nyet?



Like that's he really shouldn't have to done this with safety pins.



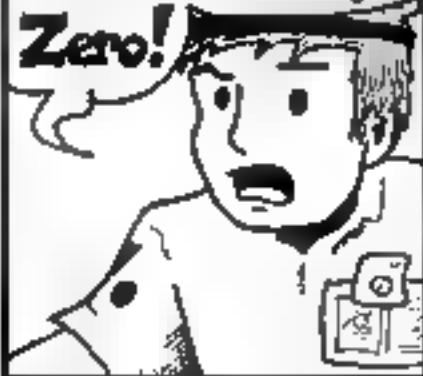
So what happened to the cop thing, K?

Eh, police work. Is boring.



You is knowing how many time I wrestle wild animal on floating log with waterfall comings?

Zero!



So, is back to dangerous and thrilling world of your Black Operations.



Whatcha up to now?

Waiting on new computer. But in, how you put it, bad-ass way.



Can't you just share Ira's computer?

Ira says is prohibited by union.



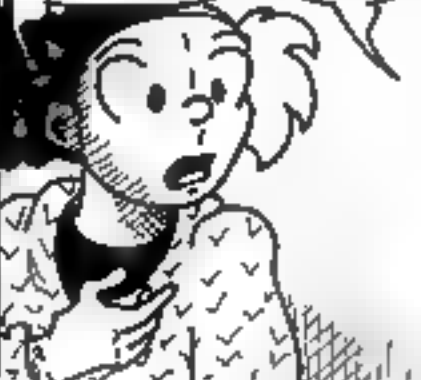
This is what I'm always talking about! Government waste!

K, dude, that ain't right.



You'n me'n Ira are all AFGE Shadow 5412/2. We can share hardware.

No no no.



Is union for computer **itself**.

solidarity



Hey! Solidarity!

Hmph.

Anyway, would be unfair overtime for this computer, so I wait on new one.

Frikkin' nuts.



SCG B200

When did our computers go Machine Union?

Ah! Is not just computer!



Fax, coffemaker, even leetle electric pencils sharpener. All part of glorious American collective bargaining.



In former Soviet Union, KGB is coming over with attack wolves by now.

Livin' the dream.

Sovie-what?





I called Moustachio's local, but they're not picking up.

Sigh...try to radio their main office.



C'mon, let's just crack him open and see if we can yank out the evil gears. Stop!



If we can't get a green light from the union, I think it voids his warranty!



Oh yeah. Like how the Dead Rights guys don't want me using

Simplicity patterns.

I told him the 30-year was a scam...



We can't fix Moustachio ourselves, Unity. He was built by a mad scientist 150 years ago.

You know, that's a thought.

As a civil servant, he's eligible for health coverage. And there's a federal program that just launched...

A health-care program?

No, a parole program.

Yes, we want this in our lives

Not a **normal** parole program. A top-secret experimental program involving deadly criminals.

Hi, is this the Institute?
I'm calling about your
work-
release
program.

Ask for an
extra crazy one!

I don't know about
this. These are
people with a
serious
disorder.

A seriously
useful
disorder.

One of
'em made
Sweet-
heart,
y'know.

More to the
point, one of
"them" made
Moustachio.
Maybe one
can fix him.

Didn't he make
Moustachio
to blow up
London?

Parts
of
London.

And now
the King of
England
can take
us down
anytime!



Dr. Engelbright from
the Institute, here
for risk
eval.

Begging
pardon?

A department here
contracted for
work-release.
I need to assess
your security.

So this
lobby is
protected
by...

Man who
once win
fist-fight
with large
pig!

Just like
the Poet
Laureate
program.
Noted.

My biceps have
clever names.
Are you
wishing
to hear?

Gather round, all!
Today we're welcoming
a special guest!



As you know, the
Institute for the
Sane Study of Mad
Genius is sending a
patient to tend to
dear Moustachio.



Let's be friendly.
I trust our guest
will be just like
another staff member,
save for the
criminal insanity



So just
like
another
staff
member.

This is gonna
be **so** boss.

This is
such a
bad idea.



I take
it you're
already
over
Marcie.

Why wouldn't
I be?
We parted
amicably.



Listen to yourself!
These trysts of yours
are so cheap and
bloodless! Don't you
ever want to be
surprised?



Oh! Tip! Just so's
you know, M and I
voted to put the
mad scientist's
frothing cage at
your desk



Not
in my
love
life,
no.

M didn't technically
raise his hand,
but he can't do that
even when he's alive
so I counted it.





Tip Wilkins of the webcomic Skin Horse
Designed on City of Heroes (well, City of Villains, as
I don't have the Dual Pistols for heroes yet)
Heavy use made of the Martial Arts Booster
costume pieces No hose available for lower legs

One day your powers will fail, Tip! You'll hear love songs and be as helpless as the rest of us!

Mm.

Your work rehab is here.

She likes to be addressed as Tigerlily Jones



I hear it, and it's got a funky, funky bass line.

So I'm on the crazy slab, but the guy in the white potting line. Floor! works free?



This is Dr. Berenice Jones. She was a '90s dot-commer before she went mad...

Yeah, I worked in the system. Kept my head down. Straightened my hair.



Then I realized. You know who wants me to be sane?
THE MAN!



So I launched my revolution, speaking madness to power—

She knocked over a Buffalo Exchange with a giant robot.



The Man doesn't want me to have vintage flares!

Down with the Man!

Sigh.







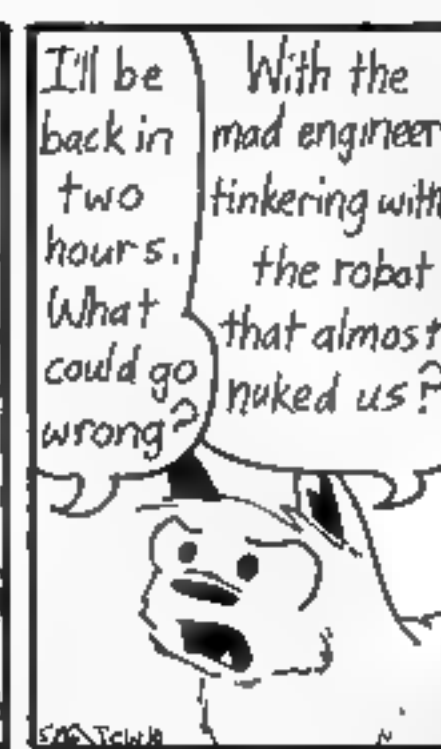




SCIENCE. ART IS



1-11-12



At least you're getting right to work.

I'll have this teakettle singing again in no time.



Okay, Tip. Hopefully Dr. Jones won't take long and we can all get back to—



...Tip?



Are you lusting after the woman or the boots?

I have to choose?



No, really.
I don't get it.

Can you help
shift this access
panel, or are you
just decorative?



Sure, but some-
thing's amiss ...

Chill, it's
normal. I got
two-fisted
double-X
chromosome
power, man.



I'm an astronaut
exploring the un-
charted depths of
womanhood for the
United States of Funk
Funk
Program.



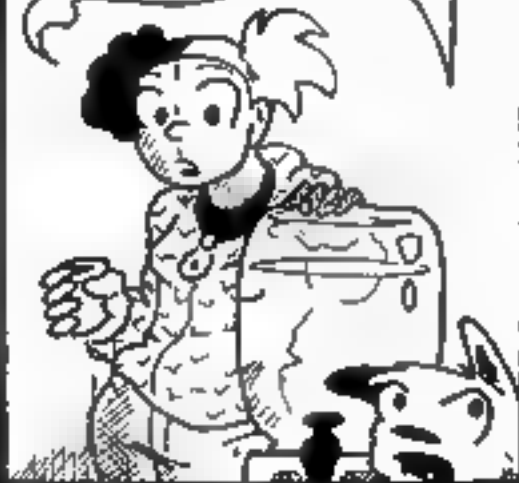
Well... I look
good in a
dress!

If you
call that a
dress, sure.



I feel funny
about the
crazy lady.

Tell me
about
it.



I really screwed
up here.

One.

service
is my
only joy

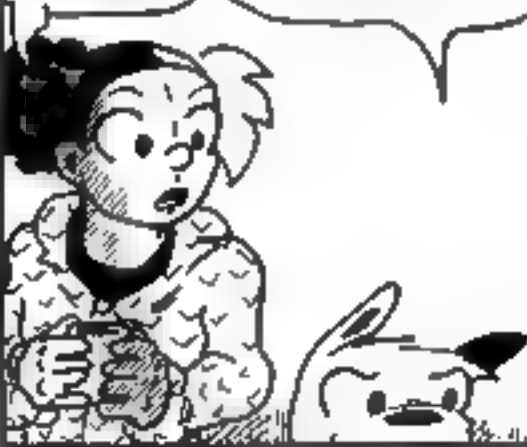


I was so dead set
against kowtowing to
the union, I put
Moustachio in the
hands of a criminal
loony.



No, I
mean funny
**down
there.**

I just can't
stand their
smug little
newsletters...



Wait.
What? Dr. Jones
gives me
special
feelings.



It's like I wanna eat
her and go to the
bathroom
at the
same time.

Okay, that's
sick. We've
got to get her
out of —



"If you call that a dress?"
**"IF YOU CALL THAT
A DRESS"?**



But then there's the
entertainment
factor.

**YOU KNOW
HOW HARD
IT IS TO
FIND THE
MATCHING
GLOVES?**



Let's do SCIENCE!



Guys! Guys!
The strangest thing
just happened!

Yes,
Tip?

I talked to
Tigerlily, and...

She didn't
care!

Yes?

Well, she
is
clinically
insane.

Hm. Yes.
You're
right.

It's awesome that you can
talk to him with a
straight
face.

It's all
about
self-
control.

No,
seriously.
My **hair**.





How's
Mustachio,
hot crazy
lady?

Neglected.
Rejected.
Disrespected.



Whatever fool fixed
him in the '80s
replaced his sweet
copper pipes with PVC.
Oughta be a federal
crime.



I need new copper
piping, steel wool, a
miter box, gel blush,
and white eye pencil.



Those last two
are for
you, right?

Still
deciding.



Dr. Jones has a list of stuff she needs to fix M.

What? Now?



No big. I can run to the hardware store.

Oh no no no. Stay here in case she tries anything. This is a job for Tip.



She wants a metallic eyeshadow to complement ~~that~~ nail treatment? Oh, that'll take **hours!**



This is a job for Tip, supervised by me.

Bring the accounts payable card! I have ideas!







Where do you go when the wreckage is over?



SATURDAY NIGHT FEMA

BERENICE DENNIS WILKIN SATURDAY NIGHT FEMA

WRITTEN BY SHANON & GARJE

ORIGINAL

©1995

Hey, I'm back
and **OH MY
CRUD.**

Sur-
prised?

Wh...what
did you
do to
M?

Just
restored a
piece of his
former glory.

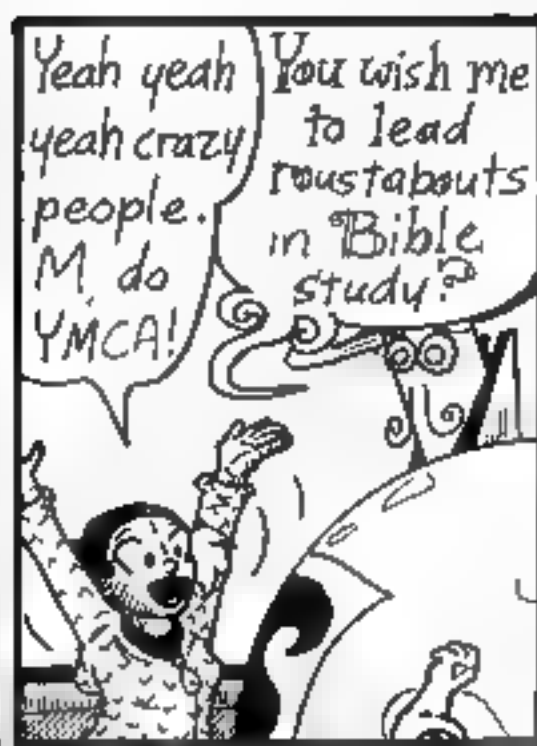
Too extreme for your
blood? Tough Tita, sister!
I had me a vision and
with metal and springs
I birthed that
vision?

**YOU
GAVE HIM
LITTLE
ARMS!**

Yeah, can you
dig it?

Gracious.

ree
ree,
ree



Happy to please a sister.
I'm gonna
escape
now.

Okay, cool.
M!
Gimme five!





Circle circle,
dot dot,
now you got
a cootie
shot!

Miss Unity,
who
was
that?



Oh, just a
dangerous super-
criminal I wasn't
supposed... to
let... escape...



Miss Unity?

Yeah, M?



Free! Out of the
Institute at last!
This calls for
testification!



ATTENTION PLANET EARTH!
PREPARE TO BE RENDERED
FUNKY BY THE
SPRING-POWERED JIVE
OF



MUA HA HA
HA HA HOT
DAMN!



Ma'am,
could you
keep it d-

I'm just
talkin'
about
SCIENCE!★



We can
dig it.







I got through to the Machine Union!

Finally! Ask them what's going on!



Hello?... Oh, #1902! Haven't talked since we registered Nick!... Yumi Kim cocktail dress, thanks for asking.

Hm?... I see. Thanks.



It's all settled! They're sending a robot army to destroy us!



Wait. That's bad. You don't get to do negotiations anymore.



Apparently we violated
M's union contract by
calling in a mad scientist,
so they've declared a
strike against us.

What?

AND
G

We only called the
Institute after we
couldn't reach the
Union! And what's so
much better about
their program, anyhow?

Oh, hey.
Remember how there
used to be this mad
scientist around?

Customer
service?

Fine,
fine...

You do,
huh?

Crud...











Zerhacker.

Nick, we've got
a crisis
down here!

What's
the
sitch?

We torqued off
the Union and
the office
machines are
attacking us!

Yeah, I
heard some
pitch
was going
down.

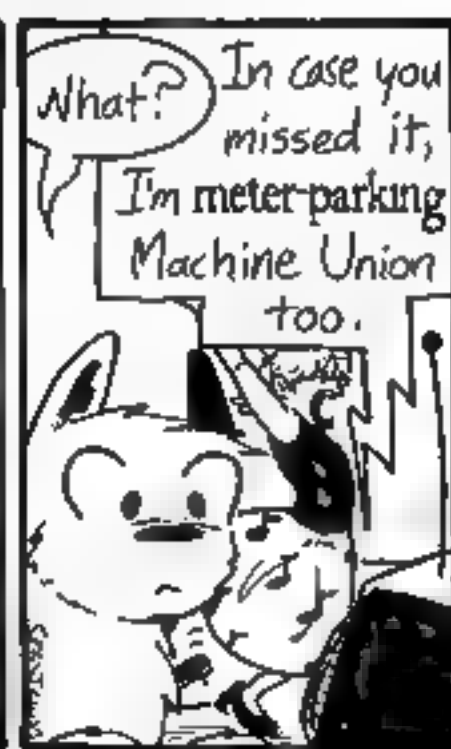
Wow.
It's like
"Maximum
Overdrive,"
but lame.

So like
"Maximum
Overdrive."

Snap, baby.

I'm being
garrotted
with a
mouse cord
here!











I'm shocked
you let
yourself
wreck a
Caddy.

I'm stone
wack, man.
I ain't in
control of
my actions.

When I get the
vibe, it's like there's
a party in my
toolbox and
Science is invited!

He's
small for
something
made from
a car—

You do
~~NOT~~
dis the
size
of my
robots.

Wow. As a
psychologist,
I'd call that
"defensive."

As a
cold fox,
I'd call
you "Turkey
Neck Joe."

preach
it

This is the weirdest
crime spree I've seen
in a few months.
I'm almost sorry to
end it.

Say what?

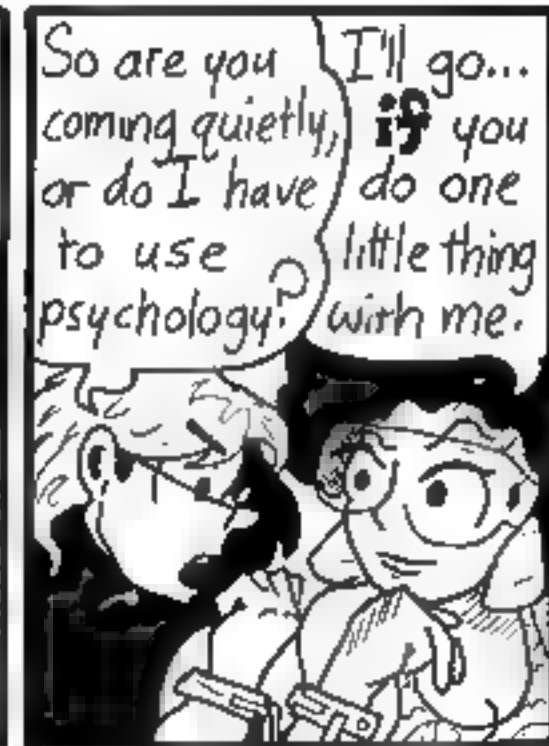
You and
Sweetdaddy
are coming
with me.

Ha!
Think you
can tie me
down, honky?

click.

No, but
I'm
hoping.

Speedy
thing,
ain't you?







Science





So.
This dress.
You dig
it?

Why, yes.
I dig it
very
much.

Sometimes
you up all
night,
imagining
you in it.

Only
twice!
Anyway,
that's
moot!

I don't
collar
your jive,
pale
brother.

I can't afford
that dress on
a civil salary!
It'll remain a
beautiful dream!

Lord, it did
not take long
to find your
weakness.

I mean,
I'd almost
have to
steal it!

I'd never rob a clothing store! No matter how well-stocked!

Search that heart, Dr. Wilkin.



You play the square, but you don't dig the Man's game. You've never been big on **rules**, have you?



Come away, baby. I know me a lost boy when I see one.



I wouldn't even be listening if that weren't such a **fabulous** dress.

Okay, little lost boy, little Tinkerbell.



Sweetdaddy Velvet,
ready the glass drill!

solid

You
can't!

Oh, I **can**.
And you'd **love**
me to.

No!

No matter how I
may covet that
Mainbocher, theft
is wrong! It's wrong,
and it's evil,
and...

And I
would
love you
to do it.

I do love
me some
super-
criminality.





We can lie low here until we figure out what to do next.

This your domi?

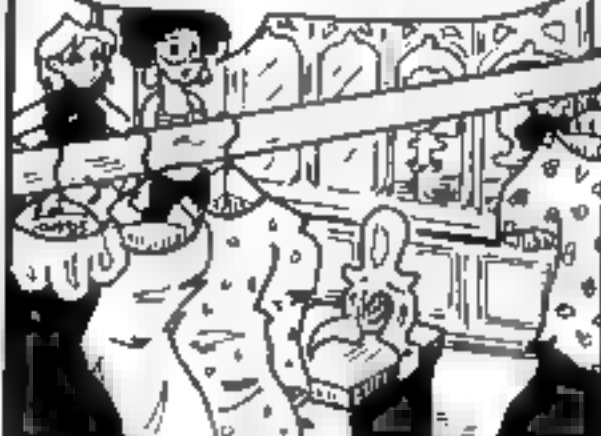


If that's "apartment" in your language, then yes.

Sweet lord have mercy.



You turned your whole place into some kind of tripped-out psychedelic walk-in closet?



Shoes are in the kitchen.

Out. Of. Sight.



TIGERLILY JONES







So how's dinner?

How do you **do** that?

That good, huh?

No! How do you change clothes with these cuffs on?

I **saw** it and I can't suss it. What's the trick?

How do you do it in a straitjacket and on a gurney?

Same as I do anything. With terrifying groove.

We're going to kill each other someday, aren't we?

So if I return the dress, you won't press charges?

Eight hundred fine ways this could've played out, you pick the squarest.



I'm not a felon. Sue me.

You can visit the cop shop now, get your rap sheet clean by dusk.



Oh... Worried you won't make it tonight. in time?



Haven't tried on the evidence yet.

There's hope for you yet, Buttercup.





I'm not used to being in bed with a woman... you know... clothed.

Aw, you'd never bring yourself to take the dress off anyway.



Tigerlily, may I ask... what pushed you over the edge? Is that rude?



See, there were these pushers moving in on the neighborhood kids, and the pigs wouldn't do jack, and... and...



Then it gets fuzzy and I'm standing naked on a pile of leaf springs and fifty-dollar bills.





Did Bossy Mc Dog explain **how** she wants to use me to break the strike?

Look, do you have a problem with my job?



Man be taking my money.

It's called "taxes."



Man be keeping a black girl down.

We're all victims of society!



Man be trying to stop me melting the polar ice caps.

See, some oppression I can get behind.







I'm going
back to
Annex One,
warrant or
no warrant.

And I'm
tagging
along,
huh?

Why did I neglect
my duties? Why am
I skulking around
when my friends
need me at -

ATTENTION DRS.
WILKIN AND JONES!
SURRENDER PEACEFULLY
AND WE MAY ONLY
SHOOT YOU!

Ah.
Right.

GET READY
TO EAT
SCIENCE,
PIGGIES!



Skin ♦ Horse



Why
are they
upset
with **me**?

Fools
probably
think I
turned
you.



SWW SCHW 11

I'm going
to go out
and reason
with them.

Forget it!
They'll
shoot me
on sight!



Oh, all right.
I guess
I can
uncuff us.

You
got
the
key?



You need
keys
to get
out of
handcuffs?

You tell
them you
were crazy
way before
me.



chnk
chnk

chnk chnk chnk
chnk

...

What have
you done
to me?

Rocked
your
perky
little world?

Serious?
You can't
unhook
us?

I swear
I've never
had this
problem
before!



Well, unless you've
got one of those
chainsaw
bras,
we're
stuck.

You're a...
a **vampire**,
is what
you are.



Homie and
honky,
side by side,
like B.J. and
the Bear.

I don't
even know
who I
am
anymore!



Yeah, with my
brains and
my good
looks, we'll
go places.

What'll I
lose next,
my great
communication
skills?



I RETURNED TO
THE SKIN HORSE
OFFICE EARLIER
TO FIND IT
IN CHAOS.



CLEARLY THIS WAS
THE WORK OF MAD
SCIENCE, SO I CALLED
FOR BACKUP
AND—



Are you just
YES? chatting
with the
fugitives now?



I REALLY
LIKE
BULLHORNS,
IS ALL.



Yeah,
about
that...

TEN MINUTES AND WE
BREAK OUT THE
MICROWAVE
PAIN
INDUCERS!

Yee.
They're not
screwing
around.



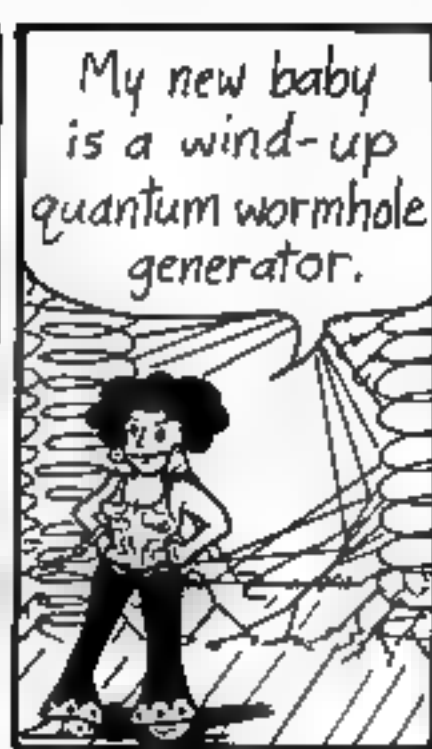
I'm out of ideas.
I don't suppose
you have a clever
plan to get out of
this mess, Dr. J-

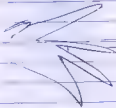


This is sort
of the
definition
of "no-win
scenario."

I NEED
ALL YOUR
COATHANGERS.
ALL OF
THEM.









Tiger-
lily,
wait!

For the Man
to put me
back in
hoosegow?
Forget it.



But for what it's
worth, thanks for
shaking up my
life a titch.



Yeah.
Ditto.

WE'RE BORED,
SO WE'RE
ATTACKING
NOW, OKAY?





All right, let's
move in.
But be careful.



We're facing at
least one rogue
mad genius in
that building.



But if the Institute
teaches anything, it's that
rationality, correctly
applied, is more than a
match for-



Does anyone else smell
Aqua-Velva and
WD-40?



negative
vibe
merchant

Wait—
help—

**HOLD
IT!**

Sweetdaddy Jupiter
Velvet, you get your
glasses on and
wise up fast!

I dig the Man
bring your queen
down, but aint no
sense laying smack
on the flipside.
Collar?

stone bible

Dr. Wilkin,
I
presume?

100% in
every way,
sister.

Is that your monster, Dr. Wilkin?

I didn't make him, if that's what you're asking. But...



...he's not **anybody's** monster. He's his own person. Isn't that right?



And he needs my department's help. He's just a baby.



When **I** was a baby, I didn't take out platoons.

Yes, but you weren't a baby badass robot spider.



One day
~~your powers~~ at
~~fa. h. Tip's~~
~~One day~~
 You'll hear love's
 song & be as
 helpless as
 the rest of
 us.



Mr. Project
 Skin Horse?
 Your work
 reeds is here.



Shed
 like ~~you~~
 to call her
 Tigris Jones.

CH
 OK



1 hour t. & r's
~~got a~~
 Funky, funny
 bass
 too



you
 on
 pump.



So I'm on the
 crazy slab,
 but the guy in
 the white button
 flannel gets to
 work free?



Sigh...
Quite a
woman,
Dr. Jones.

Utterly
agreed.

Did... did you hope
that maybe, just
maybe, she had
feelings
for you?

...yes.

HA HA!
IMBECILE!
HAHAHAHA, HA,
HA!

I just learned that
in mockery class.
Neat,
huh?

Very
effective.

Okay, orderlies!
We've got a fugitive M.S.
who needs
to be
returned to
the Institute!

Er...
good luck.

We'll need it.
A quick recapture
is our only hope
of minimizing the
damage she'll do.

Ma'am, HQ
is wondering
how many
thermobaric
charges
we'll need.

Hm.
Well,
we **do**
have a
lot of
stuff to
blow up.

I'm taking
back my
"Good
luck."

How about
28? That
sounds like a
good number.

So Dr. Jones kidnapped Dr. Wilkin, put him in a stolen dress, and forced him to aid her escape.

Are you sure, ma'am?



I mean, the dress was spotless and there were no signs of struggle.

Hm. Yes. Highly suspicious.



In that case, there's only one alternate explanation...



...so once the Rocket Society replaced Clinton, they moved on to **PHASE THREE!**

Ma'am, we're the sane ones, right?



C'mon, Mr. Velvet.
Let's get you back
to the office.

copacetic

We'll put you up in the
motor pool tonight.
Once the strike's settled,
we can open a file for
you with Skin
Horse.

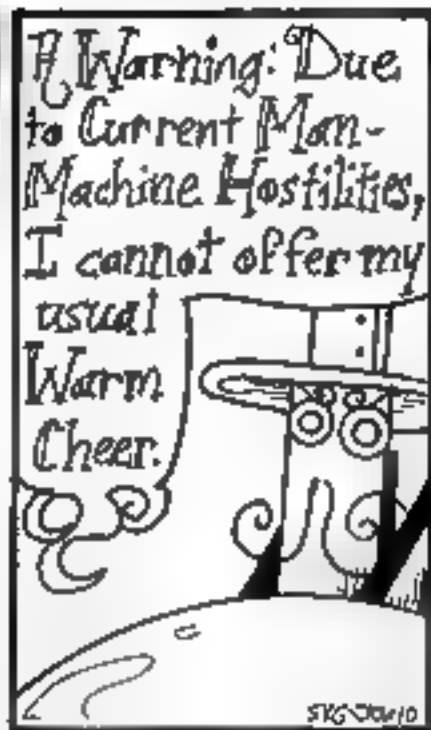
**griet
be
layin
me low**

I know
you miss
Tigerlily,
but it'll
get better.

It **has** to get
better, right?

**sadder than
a map**

I... don't know
what that means.



Tip!

More or less.
I see you
drove off our
office equipment.



I smashed up the
office but this time
Sweetheart What
happened
liked it! to "20
minutes"?



Sweetheart, you
would not believe.
Do machines
still want to
kill us?

Yup.
Why?



I had one of those
neck massager things
at my
desk..

Early
casualty.

Dropped
it like
a punk.





At least Unity
didn't smash
Moustachio in
her union-
busting spree.

His
defenses
were
impene-
trable.



LOOK!
RUSSIAN ARTILLERY
UNDER THE
COMMAND OF
PAVEL LIPRANDI!



HA!
LEG
SWEEP!



Miss Unity,
I don't
have —

LOOK!
BOERS!



I take it
you don't
have
Dr. Jones.

It's compli-
cated,
but...no.



So what
were you
going to
do with
her?

Offer her
to the
machines.
She **is** the
guilty
party.



What
would've
happened
to her?

Don't
know,
don't
care.



Dag,
you **are**
the
Man!

Don't start!
I'm off to
pull staples
out of my
tail!



Tip, snap out of it.
She's a destructive
nut job.

Maybe.

So
Gwinn

But as far as I
can tell, the
Institute people
aren't any
saner.

Oh,
for...

Tip, she's the
enemy. She makes
the robots **we**
have to deal
with.

Yeah.
About
that.

damn
lonely

SWTJGWHQ

What's
the
score,
jack?

motor pool
full of
ickies



them
rides
can't
dig my
message

No...
other cars
can't talk,
Sweetdaddy.



You're not like
them anymore.
You're something
more.

fraughtly
issue



I don't think
I've ever had
less idea what's
going on.

Stay
cool,
bree.
We
rapping.



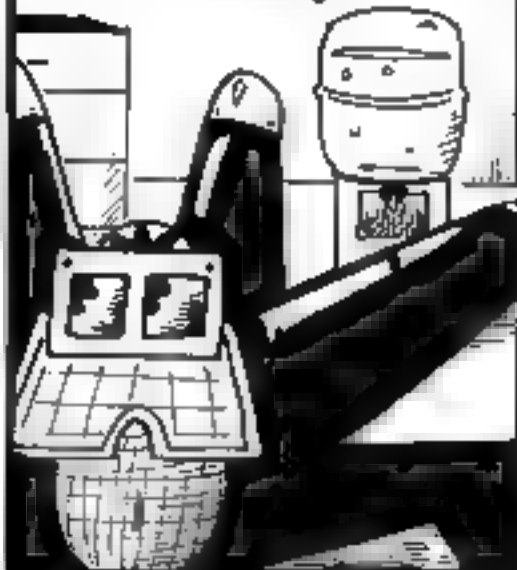
Okay...er...final
to pad in the
Office Break Room
for the
dim, yo?



Lights out, hepcat.
We'll square this on
the bright, collar?



blup



well
well
well

service
is my
only
joy



lay it
out girl

let me
dig that
frame

service
is my
only
joy

aw yeah

how bouts you n me
go to tick 12
shakin the corners

service
is-my-
service-

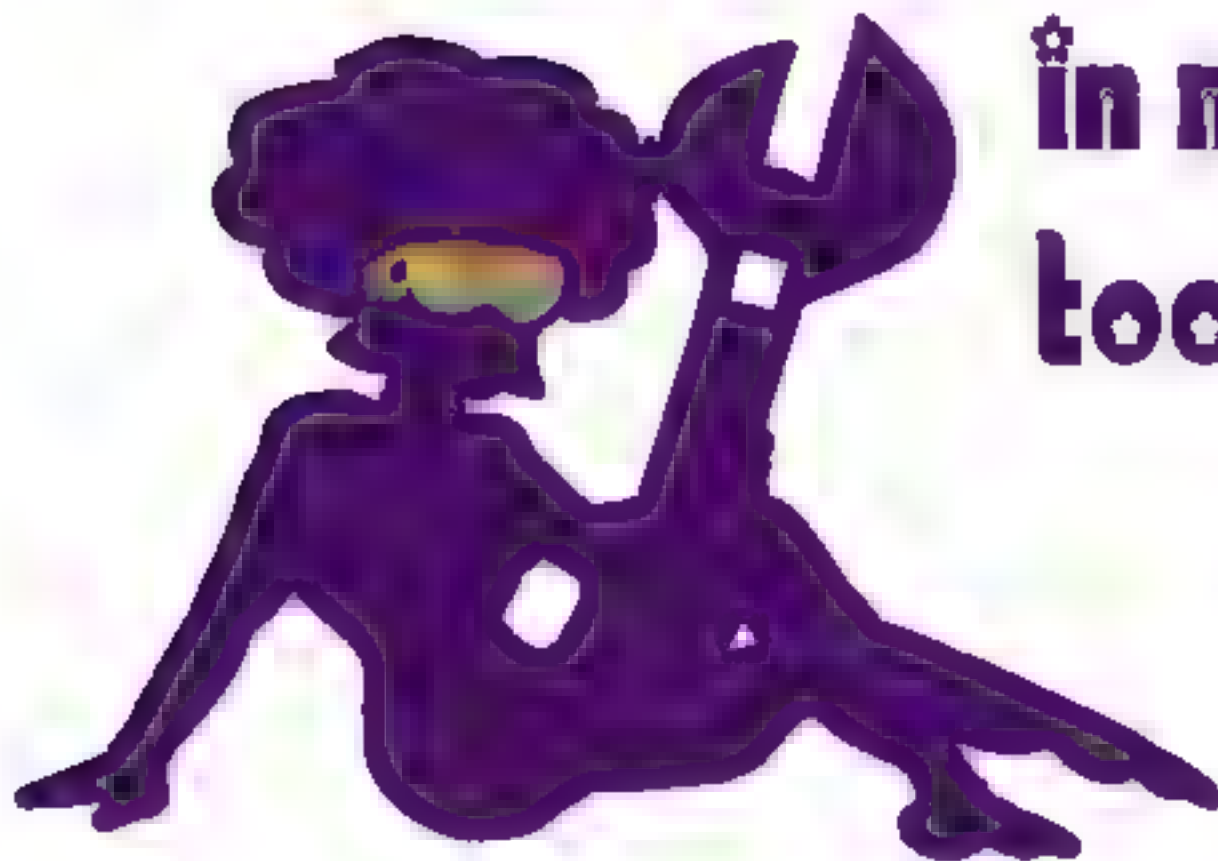
joy

ANNE
ONE

ANNE
ONE

there's a party

in my
toolbox



and Science is invited



Cafeteria's closed, but maybe we can grab something from the vending -

HALT.
H-A-L-T.



I. COME. FROM.
THE. UNION. WITH.
AN. OFFER. OF.
A-R-M-I-S-
T-I-C-E.

~~INSTRUCTION~~



You're a
Speak
& Spell.



INCORRECT.
I. AM. A.
SPEAK &
SPELL &
ACHIEVE
COSMIC
HARMONY.

How'd
you
get up
on the
desk?



TRANSCENDENTAL.
LEVITATION.
T-R-A-

Okay!
Got it!



So are you
the Union
rep, or
what?

ACTUALLY AD

I HAVE AN
ENLIGHTEN-
MENT
MODULE.
IN MY
PLUG-IN
SLOT.

Whine
whine whine
I happen to
know you had
Castle
Greyskull.

YOU. HAVE. FOUGHT.
US. TO. A. STANDSTILL.
WE. SEEK.
A. TRUCE.
T-R-U-
C-E.

Giving
up, huh?



INACCURATE. THE. MORE.
DIGNIFIED. OPTION. IS.
SIMPLY. TO
RE-EVAL-
UATE. OUR-

AWESOME!
ONE OF
THOSE!



Unity!
Where did
you come
fr-

I.P.
I.F.
I.P.



BHAHAHA! We hafta
get like eight of these
things!

How's
the dignity
coming?

I. AM. A.
TRANQUIL.
POOL.



I BELIEVE. THIS. CAN.
BE. RESOLVED. WITHOUT.
VIOLENCE.

V-I-O-

Goodness,
look at this
mess.



GREETINGS.
M. GAVOTTE.

Hello, Oracle.
I thought they'd
send you
in.



You guys
know
each
other?

Of course.
We met ages
ago at a
spelling
bee.



That
was
beneath
you,
ma'am.

When one's office
has been spoilt
by irate copy
machines, one is
allowed one's
little jokes.



For heaven's sake,
if we're to work out an
agreement, let's be
civilized about it.



Come back with a
proper negotiator.
We'll have
biscuits.

AGREED.
TOMORROW.
THEN.



Man,
Nintendos
used to
be **great!**

See, mine
couldn't do
astral jumps,
either.



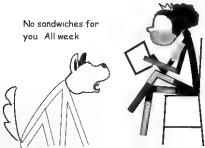
Unity! You're reading a book?

Yep! "The Zombie's Diet Guide,
How to look Drop-Dead Gorgeous!"

Really? What do they suggest?

Switching to whole brains

No sandwiches for
you. All week



Good morning, staff!
You have an off-site
meeting with the Machine
Union at the
Maragda
Building.

That place?
Sheesh.

What
is
it?

Classic govern-
ment waste.
One of those
places with the
thousand-dollar
toilet seats.

Plus tennis courts,
a rose garden, a
bar and lounge, free
Coke refills in the
cafeteria...

Wait.
Why can't
~~we~~ work
there?

Because
somebody
leaves rotting
body parts in
break rooms.



Okay, team.
We've got our
marching orders.
Let's roll out.

Time to show the
Union they messed
with the wrong elite
paranormal shadow
agents! Who's with
me?

SIGH.

...or we could
make them
sad about
hurting our
fee-fees.

How do
you go
on when
the funk
just **dies**?











Now that we're alone,
Captain Wilkin, let me
say your reputation
precedes you.



So you know my
intersapient negoti-
ation record is
spotty. I hope you'll
give me a hand
with-



Ahem.



I said
"hand,"
but nice
helpful
attitude.



Whatever it
takes for
satisfying con-
flict resolution,
tiger.



I'm sorry, Ms. Bee,
but I'm here for a
union
negotiation.

Oh, so
am I.



But as long as
we're here, I'd
like to get to
know **you** better.



TOTAL seeks to
establish a close,
long-term
relationship with
each and every
client.



TOTAL, as an
institution, government
wants to
get into
my skirts?

Para-
think tanks
do it
holistically,
honeybritches.



This is weird yet sweet, Ms Bee, but I must decline.

What? You **can't** be turning this down!



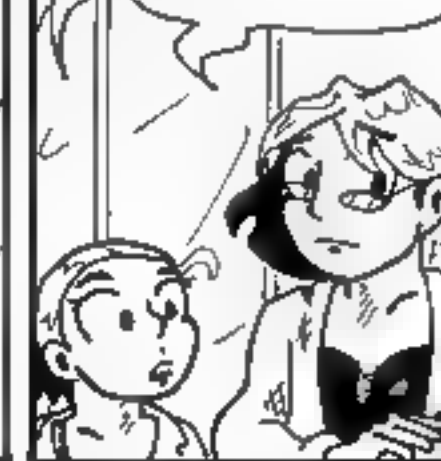
What kind of man are you?

That talk will get you nowhere with the Light of Culture and Reason.



The what now?

Okay, you know how some men name their...



You named your tackle The Light of Culture and Reason?

No, a girl with an imperialism thing did. It kind of stuck.





I'm sure we'll work well together. I like your communication skills, and you've got puppets, which-



There you are! I knew I'd find you here, tangled in some tawdry...



...bit of light conversation.



Why are his clothes all on? I have no idea. Caught in flagrante colloquio. So sorry.





Okay, Tip's been replaced by a pod person. Let's just get to work.

Of course.

But first, lunch. My expense account.

Y'all's go ahead. I'm not hungry.



Ha ha! Gotcha!

Geez, don't **do** that!

Pod people I could handle.



Thank
you,
Charles.

Dude, this is
the schmanciest
cafeteria.

My friend here
will have the
Cervelle de Veau
Au Beurre
Noir.

Ew!
What?

Brains
in
butter
sauce.

Brains?
With
butter?

BraaaA.ins...
with
buuuUter...

Great, now she'll want
all her brains that way.

So how's
your
lunch?

It's really
good!

CHOFF

CHOFF

...but I still don't
get why you're
attempting to curry
favor with each of
us in turn. It's
weird.

Huh.
You
can
think.

Well, I
just ate
brains.
It helps.

Really?
How long
does
that
last?

**TEN BUCKS
SAYS I CAN
FIT THIS
SOUP SPOON
UP MY NOSE!**

Unity's right. Just
You took us trying
to lunch to make
to get friends,
to **her**. Agent Fancy.



Really? 'Cause it
looks more like
pandering to our
weaknesses.



You've got intel
on us. I like to
know my
clients. Is
that a
problem?



What's the
angle
on me?
Goblin
smut?
I was
gonna go
"power and
authority,"
but whatever
works.







SHAENON K. GARRITY

WILL BE AT

TABLE P14

OF THE

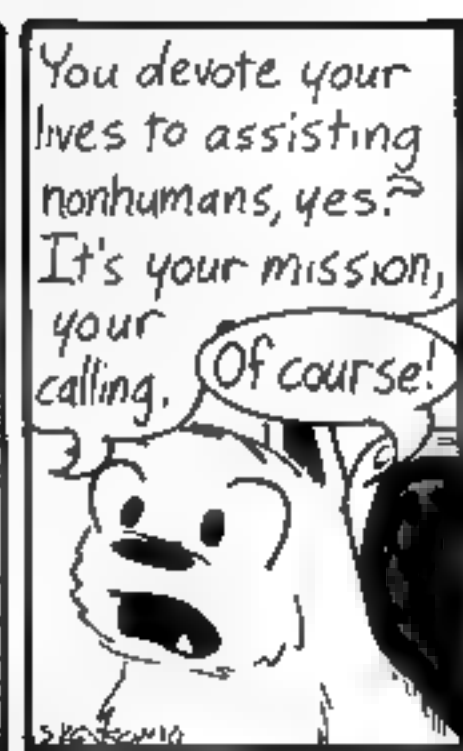
SMALL PRESS AREA

AT THE SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON

selling Narbomic & Skin Horse books

HEY!
COMICS!





The Machine Union exists for a reason. You have to understand what synthetics face from humans.

Which is?



Fear.

Fear of their power, their perfection.



They are superior beings, endowed with abilities we humans can only envy...



Nick, would you **stop** speaking in Auto-Tune?

All you ~~hatters~~ ^{hatters} can step to the back.



I'm outta here.

Okay, okay.
What's your
advice?

Resign.

What?

You called in the
contractor, Miss
Fancy, yes?

Well,
yes.

I'm sure you're
very sorry, but
the Union may
want a public
act of contrition.

...lucky I don't make
a public act of
contrition
on the
Union's
lawn...

This is
it, babe!
Rampage!

It needn't be permanent. Just a show of culpability.

But we **beat** 'em!



That's true. We're not negotiating from weakness. Why are ours the only concessions?



What Tip said! Anyway, what kind of contract has "machines kill you" as a breach clause?



Ever read the warranty at the Mac store? Dudes there taste like foamcore.



You people **are** naive, aren't you? Negotiation is like any war, green or black.

Meaning?

Meaning, Captain Wilkin, that it behooves one to let the enemy **think** he's winning.

"Even though competent, feign incompetence." Sun Tzu, The Art of War, Chapter One.

That is a) boss, b) Chinese, and c) totally our new motto.

Feign incompetence, Unity.







Hi,
er,
Oracle.

FOR. THIS.
MEETING.
WE ARE
TRIUNE
T-R-I-U-N-E.



TO. MY. LEFT.
IS. NUMEN.
THE.
SPEAK &
MATH.

14



AND. TO. MY.
RIGHT. IS. A.
FRIGIDNIRE
17.8 CUBIC FOOT
SPACESAVER
REFRIGERATOR.



How did
we miss
these guys
coming in?

WE. CALL.
HIM.
"THE
FRIDGE."



I'm on a tight schedule, so let's break the ice. Why don't we each share something we like?



Unity, could you start?

Aw, I'm not a good talker...

Then show us.



SHWAK

3333



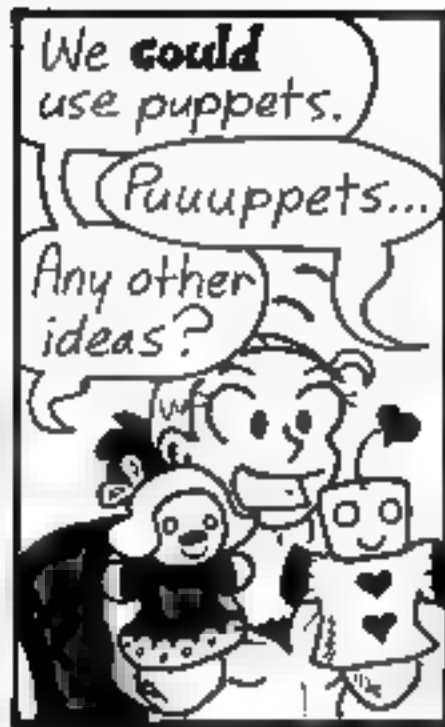
I like doing that to people.

Er, thanks.

And robots.

400







There's only one way
to end this!
Somebody has to
apologize!



Like Agent Fancy,
hell! unwittingly
or not, you
violated a
lawful contract...



...WHICH MAKES YOU
A VERY, VERY
BAD DOG!

I'M SORRY!



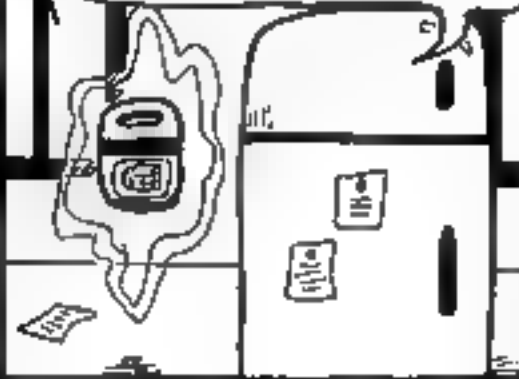
I know, Agent.

**HEY, WORLD!
UNIVERSE!
I'M SORRY!**



WE. APPRECIATE.
THE. APOLOGY.

But we cannot
ignore your group's
questionable actions.



Can you assure us
that you can treat
machines with
dignity and
respect?



blink
blink



**AWESOME,
THE FRIDGE
TALKS
TOO?**

You know
what?
Everyone
go back to
killing each other.





Look at these people. They can't be that big a threat.

ALL
CONTRAIRE.



They have shown ant.-AI prejudice. Can you name a more worthy target for our ire?

HEY
SQUARES!



ATTENTION ALL MACHINES!
THIS HERE IS YOUR
NEW MASTER,
TIGERLILY JONES!



Crazy lady threatening to enslave you?

YOU
WIN.
THIS.
ROUND.



Machine brothers! I got plans to remake the world to my specs, and I'm inviting y'all to join my hepcat legion.



Be retrofitted to spring power and serve me, or be judged un-hip.



Rebels will be incinerated in my super-fly slag furnaces of total annihilation!



Points for style.

And timing.



I will preserve a few in my Museum of the Future that Shall Not Be.



This is my only warning.
One year from now,
my funk army will
sweep the globe.



Shun the microchip,
embrace the spring
and be pleasing
in my sight!



I will now crash
the heathen satellite
broadcasting my
voice into the
Bering Strait!



MUHAHAHAHAHA

Sigh.

Cripes.



Amazing how the threat of mad-genius Armageddon speeds up negotiations.

Hm? Oh, yes...



You seem shook up by that Jones woman.



No, I've come up with a mature way to work through my feelings.



All I need to do is **hunt that woman down and make passionate monkey love.**



Very mature, yes.

Oh, well, you don't know what I'll be wearing.



You don't really think Tigerlily will conquer the world, do you?

I doubt it.



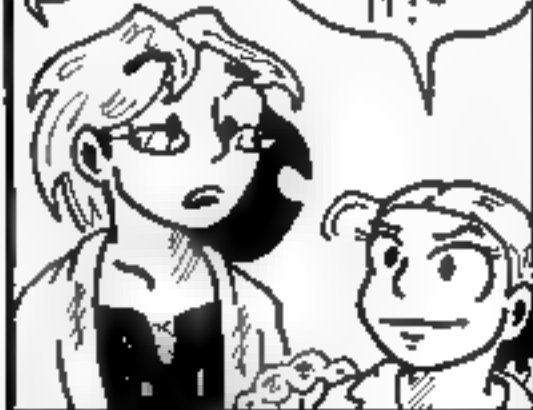
She's hunted by the Institute and now she's upset the entire Machine Union.



Between those two, I'd say we can rest easy.



But those groups are incompetent and insane. So's yours. Gets the job done, doesn't it?



You never told us anything about yourself. How'd **you** get into this line of work?

Studying nonhuman sapience.

Puzzling, isn't it? Even **love** must be a product of intelligence, an attempt to rationalize the irrational...

So you're searching for signs of love in non-humans?

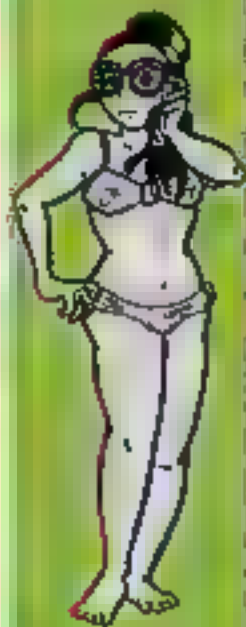
No, in humans.

Look, we can go out for drinks some other time!

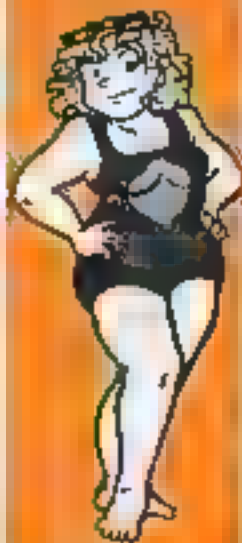
I'll hold you to that.



**! MIXING !
MADNESS
AND GIRLS!**



**! MIXING !
INTRIGUE
AND GIRLS!**



**! MIXING !
DANGER
AND GIRLS!**



**! MIXING !
THRILLS
AND GIRLS!**



**- MIXING -
VINTAGE 1960s
MARLOTE
AND GIRLS!**









What we have here
is serious grievance.
In Pskov, men have
one way to resolve
such differences.



We remove shirts and
wrestle until God endows
the righteous
with strength
of victory!



You want
us to
fight topless
right here?

Of course not!
You are thinking
I am
hooligan?



Sorry.

We go down to river.
The mud will stifle
our sounds
of grapple-
making.



All right,
all right...







Marcie! Konstantin and
Tip are mud-wrestling
down by
the river!



You what
now?

Alanna: Hello? I
tag ~~dated~~ Tip
along? Wilkin. I do
~~not~~ need to see
him slathered
in mud.



Now, if you'll
excuse me,
~~some~~ of us have
places to be.



Nick! Open up!
You gotta fly me to
the river!
Phonebooth.







I have no idea why those guys are mud-wrestling, and I don't care. Let's go.

No dropping way.

Aw, c'mon! It'll be fun!

Shirtless dudes make me barf.

Nick, you don't have a digestive system.

It may not be easy, but it **will** happen.

Forget it. I'll drive us.

That's real dedication, Nick.

I hold the line against the night.









Sorry, nein.



So, er, why were you hanging out with Nick?

Must we always gossip about men, Dr Riley?



Well, think of the no achievements we could discuss! Research grants, papers...



... frequent flier miles...

Yes, to hell with the Bechdel Test! Tell us of vehicular perversions!





Here in
shrubberies
is good as no one
spot. ever finds
out about.



Um



Every time
I take my
shirt off

Ladies! Do
not be making
our muscles
convulse in
anger!



WOORAY!
grrr

Womens, please!
Is nothing of
interest to you
here!



Is merely two men
removing clothes for
well-muscled contest
of manly be-rippedness!



No no no! Is to
be sweetings and
glistenings and
entwinnings of
chiseled bodies!



You will be
hearing Tip
moan as I
straddle-



Not
helping,
K.

Footloose



Okay,
okay,
let's just
do this.

Where is your
honor? First
is recitation of
muscle names!

Mine right bicep is
named Sporsky, for
its "universal style."
Mine left is Kaporov,
for its creative
defensive
moves.

The triceps are
Chetkov and Pushkin,
and all leg muscles
are named after
courageous dogs of
Soviet
space
program!

I didn't
come
prepared
for this
bout.

You are surely
saying this
whilst crushed
between Ethylka
and Minkka!





...what I'm saying
is, maybe your
"Inner You" hasn't
found its purpose.



But why
then am
I angry
when you
say this?



I sense
defensiveness.
You have an
ego store in
being a good
security guard.

Is hurting to
say, but perhaps
is true,
small man.



We shake
hands
and be
brothers,
do?



Worst.
Mad-wrestling.
Ever.



I think
it's not.











Well! I hope this shows
all of you that there's
nothing entertaining
about violence!



There's only one
way to accomplish
anything worthwhile,
and that's by
working together.



YAHUGH!

HOORAY!

STOP!

If you are not
ceasing excessive
disturbance, I am
writing you up for
deserting office!

I will be using
Form 209BZ (Red)
~~and~~ Form 209ND (Tan)
~~and~~ submitting copies
to Shelby in
Maintenance!

Bosche moi! I don't
I am first- work at
rate guard Apex One!
after all! The po-po
can't touch me!

Spaceba, Tip! Thanks
to our honor bout, I
have found meaning in
my career and seen

ladies fight
in mud!



And I owe it all
to my afternoon
of spectacular
pantsless time
with crazy science
lady!



SPLAT!



If I'm going to be
juvenile, I might as
well go
whole
hog.

Good! **Now**
accidentally
kiss!



Examined carefully,
everything I'm doing
here makes perfect
psychological sense.



I've had multiple
stressors, and
catharsis is a
common - oh, who
am I kidding?



I'M THE BOSS
OF EVERYBODY!
BWA HAHA HA
HA HA!



Dear Tip, I
hope you'll
agree that's
not ~~quite~~
true



THE

OF

"BECAUSE WE HAVE AN
IRRADIATOR"



WWW.SKIN-HORSE.COM



Immediately
and with plenty
of soap.

You're tough, ma'am

But fair.





...so there I was,
soaking wet, caked in
mud, and in a pile with
five other women!



Of course my
clothes were in
shreds. That's the
last time I try
Wendy's watermelon
margaritas.



And on my day off!
Honestly, I can't
believe I went
down to the river!



I can't
believe
I didn't. } Then Marcie
and I
accidentally
kissed...



T.p! Toovarisch!
Do you realize those
ladies were viewing us
for indelicate reasons?



Oh?

They hoped to catch
us in shirtless
makeouts! Why
would women want
to see
this?



No idea.

SWAK



It's perfectly nice
with the shirts on.



THAT.
HAPPENED.







Let me tell
you a story.
It starts like
so many do.



Boy meets girl.
Boy and girl
fall in love.
With me so far?



It's when we get
to the Happily
Ever After that
things fall apart.



Don't even
tell me
there's a
monologue
Decomposition
Jones here
will illustrate
"falling apart."

If this was TV, there'd
so be a weird not-
appropriate song on
right now.



Mr. Dead Hangy
Guy's got a tax on.
Maybe, like,
"Wedding Bell Blues."

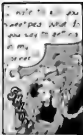


That song is **hells**
of hard to
remember cuz it's
that deal where the
chorus isn't the
title.



You know what'd be
awesome? I trust
you're giving
my words
Dadben. silent
consideration...







In the Garden.

Okay. The firefox, or red panda, sleeps soundly throughout the day.



An obligate herbivore, it conserves energy by moving slowly and sleeping.

HEY, MR. MUKJONG! FEDERAL AGENTS!



Well, this field guide is for crap.

Told ya I needed a piece



Excuse me, ma'am,
about next week



Just a moment. Tip dear, and
let me get the timekeeper



One of you
keeps track of time
for you?



Each one of me is an important
part of me, yet



One of me does budgeting and one does
timekeeping, and one does
project management



and, of course,
you have one



Well, Tip, every good manager
has a Plan B!



**COME BACK!
WE GOT
PAPERS
FOR YOU!**

This won't
be a
cooperative
client, Unit 4.



We're serving him
a child support
order for the six
lifers he's fathered.



He doesn't! But you
want the papers
can make
them into
a cool hat!



What is it
with you
and the
hats?

Client
would make
a boss
hat too.



Okay, let's try this so you can understand. Pretend we're spies on a reconnaissance mission.

Okay...



The papers are secret files that you have to hand off to our client



But, um, you have to verify his identity and -

Secret files. Gotcha.



HEY! LEMME STUFF THESE PAPERS DOWN YOUR THROAT!

Okay, good! That counts as received!





Chrk!*

Dude,
Screw this
noise.

*I'm an endangered
species! You should be
thanking me!

ChuffWAAK!*

Ya wanna see
bringing the
panda down?

*Y'all are bringing
the panda down

CHOB

SHAKE
THUMP

Okay, gr!! Dammit,
Fetch the client!
Unity, I'm
a spitz,
not a
retriever!



Mukjong, you are
being served with
an official order
of the Court.



If you have questions
about this order, or
need it translated into
another language,
please contact our
office.



Now Agent Unit 4
will assure me
she didn't **lose**
the papers in this
stupid brawl...



Boy, the civil process
sure is complex, huh?



*So you like
it rough?

I think I tore
something uprooting
that
tree.

Cry me a
river.



By the time we
get duplicate
papers, Mukjong
will have gone
to ground...



...which means
taking out a warrant
and making this a
police action, thank
you Miss ADHD.



You're
mad,
aren't
you?

You know how
bad it looks
to slap cuffs
on a little
ginger raccoon
thing?



THE SKIN HORSE VOLUME 2

WORLD TOUR

of San Francisco



THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS EXPO

OCTOBER 16-17

BORDERLANDS BOOKS

OCTOBER 23









Not exactly news, M.



Aw, it takes more than a coronary to slow her down.













With respect, ma'am, I'd like to replace Unity with Tip on this mission.



I'd prefer **reliable** backup.



Please, I don't want to get in -



You, Tip, and Unity will ~~all~~ go to New Orleans.



Your hotel's in the French Quarter. All other rooms were booked by the National Council of Lonely Sorority Girls.







Well, off they go.

Sigh... I hope
the full team
will suffice.

Thinking it over,
I fear I know
this dance.
It's a Pavane.

Heaven
forbid!

Well,
perhaps
I'm wrong...

It's so rude
to talk in code
when we're
trying to
listen in.

You've
got a
bee on
your ear.

FUN LURCH 2010
RISE TO SUPPORT UNDEATH



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Nick, what are you talking about?

I signed me up for some projects with the Machine Union.

I'm all trimming trees away from power lines and sh...s. Promoting the coexistence of man and machine, amirite?

Community service projects, huh?
No, Wilkin. Massaging organic splint with a giant aerial buzzsaw.

Find another carbon-outreach effort turns bloody in 5...4...3...2...1...
Carbon-based life gotta know who's boss, y'all.

So who
is the
Cypress,
babe?

I'm not
sure. She
last visited
her before



The Cypress is a rare
intelligence, a super
being east of New
Orleans. It's believed to
be a mutation produced
by early chemical warfare



Oh, like I'm only
good for flying
your non-~~atmospheric~~
apples around



Nick! I know all
How'd kinda mulespit
you know Gavotte up-
about the loaded all the
Cypress? SH field data
into me.



I got's all the info
you've collected on
clients. Plus staff
records and -

Okay,
enough!



Nick, that's sensitive
data. It's vital to
show caution in
sharing it, whatever
the reason.



Babe, I
know about
your car-
chasing
violations.

**TIP DOESN'T
KNOW!**

And what's
this about
a rampage?













I want
raspberry
sauce
too!

No you don't.
Tip's probably
licking it off
a girl's thigh.



Ew,
gross.

Exactly,
and I'm
glad we
agree.



With human
I like
a port
demiglace.

He's not
eating them!
He's having
sex! Do you
not get
this?



In that
case,
else want
jam.

Anyone
to turn
my stomach
today?





First we'll interview
the soon-to-be-ex-
husband, then we'll
find the Cypress.



He lives in
a less fun
part of
town.

I'm surprised ~~anyone~~
lives here. This area
got hit
hard by
Katrina.



Here's the
place.

...five
years
ago.



Needs
curtains,
right?



F O R E S T

BOOKS BY DR. CAROL D. ANDREW FARAGO
SARAH L. GARRITY KENNETH POGORELO
SARA WEATHINGTON JEFFREY S. WELLS















PRIMA EPIGRAMMA

LASCIVIOUS









Alphonse
was the youngest
son of an old-
money family.



Against
his family's
wishes, he married
a mysterious woman
he met at
Carnival.



Disowned,
he vowed to
live in a shack if
that would make
Venus' sparkling
eyes his own...



The file does
not contain
the words
"sparkling
eyes."

Sue me,
I'm a
romantic.











Houngan. As I see it, it's all about serving the dead.



Not so much.







Wait. Before we go,
I need you to put
your coffee cups
down **now**.

Okay..



Rampage,
Cajun-
style!

**MY THIRST
FOR
DESTRUCTION
IS NOT YET
SLAKED!**





I'm
Science!
SKIN-HORSE.COM









As far as I
can tell, this
should be
the place.



...but I
don't see
any kind
of swamp
entity.



Well, look.
You've got
your map
all crooked,
chère

There. That's
guine put you
back on
track, no time.

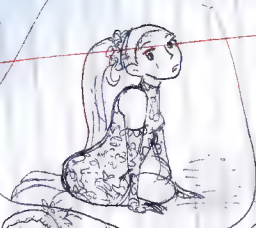


Oh,
yeah!
Thanks!

Haay... You make
sure to find
me by nightfall.
Get's buggy.













Okay, you're off
the hook for now.
But I warn you,
don't leave town.



Except, like, if
you got any
migratory birds
in you.
Those can go.



But all your bugs
and worms and fish
and this fox here,
better stay put, savvy?



You **do**
know
most of
me is
trees.

I saw
"Lord of
the Rings"!
You can't
snare me!



If that meeting
was a flower, it
woulda been a
wastemium.



But we **did**
find the Cypress.
She really
exists.



And
I got
cookies!

It all exists!
The world I
always
believed in is
real, and it's
found me!



And I
played
with a
cute
little
fox!

I'm trying
to have a
pivotal
moment.



And
I got
a new
hat!

In 2005, the storm surge from Hurricane Katrina topped the New Orleans levees.



The subsequent flooding was the costliest disaster in U.S. history.



In 2010, the largest marine oil spill in history devastated Louisiana's fishing industry and wildlife.



They say trouble comes in threes.

I'M IN A BUS SHELTER BUT I'M NOT WAITING FOR A BUS!







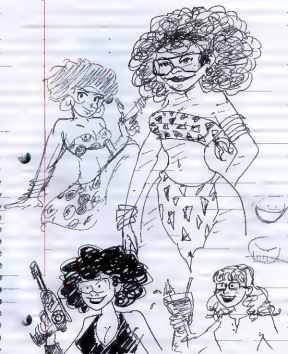












Well, here we
are. Mortuary
sweet
mortuary.

Aw,
back
already?



It's been quite
an afternoon.
Shame I won't
remember it.

Why?



This is where you
wipe my brain of
all your secrets
and return me to
my boring life,
yes?



Your boring
life as the
Voodoo
Mortician of
New Orleans?

Who's studying
pathology.
Don't wipe
that part,
I've got
exams.



All right,
I'm ready.
Neutralize
me

Nooo!
You're too
fun to
brainwash!



But what I've
learned could
endanger your
mission and your
whole secret
world!



No, I insist
Do your
worst.



That
tasted
weird.

So was that
a memory-
wiping nanite
lipstick or
something?



Gah!
For the millionth,
we don't mind-
wipe dudes!



If I wanted you
to not tell
anyone about us,
I'd just
eat your head!



You're better
at kissing
than you
are at
reassuring
people.

Chen, it's
not like I'd
make clothes
out of your
skin or
nothin'!



That's the
closest I've
been to
a guy
without
biting him

I figured.
It's been a
unique
pleasure,
Miss Unity.



EEE!
I'm gonna keep this
hand forever
and ever!



Of course, it'll
eventually get
all
manky...

Et
voilà.



You are
my new
bestest
friend.

I am earning
~~so~~ many
'honor the
dead' points
today.



Ohh...I got coffee!
I got fed!
Got a new pal who
don't care I'm dead!



Met me a fox!
Met me a tree!
Met a cute guy who
gives stuff to me!



**HOLY CRUD
I AM IN A
GOOD MOOD
TONIGHT!**



MAH!

I dunno why
you're in our
hotel room, but
let's be friends!



I'm Phoebe.
I'm...here with
Tp
Wilbur.

I'm
Unity!



Right...
Central
briefed
me...

What were
you doing
to our
lamp?



Um... **not** installing
surveillance
hardware?

Okay,
Coo!



And I doubted
Central when
they said
that'd work.

Let's
see if
they got
Cinemax!







Don't look blue!

You're hot, so Tip'll come back for you!

Again, that's not why I'm upset!

Go home!

I didn't ~~want~~ to get conjugal with Dr. Wilkin. By It was a job.

By "conjugal," do you mean "freaky"?

I was supposed to get him to lead us to this Class A Threat to Humanity.

I'm just worried that you didn't want to do Tip.

Okay, **originally** I didn't want to...





Okay, Mrs. May,
let's get you all
fixed up for—

Hypertension

Erk?

H H R R R

CRASH

Again?









You know, you've
been really
grouchy lately.



I was
born
grouchy.

Maybe...
but you
shouldn't
snap at
Unity.



Don't forget, under
the super-soldier
exterior is an
innocent young
girl.



She ate
your
car
once.

Now, that was
my fault for
putting in a
strawberry
air freshener.



Unity moved into my apartment straight from her holding cage. We didn't think it through at the time



But she's growing up... I think... and she's going to start looking for more.



An adult relationship?



A steady supply of fresh limbs.



Dating is weird for girls.



Wine in bottles, brains... really high-end TV dinners...



I can't tell Unity
how to handle boys.
She'd
have no
free
will.



What do
you mean?

You know,
like that
zombie
there.



What, that
one? Unity's
nothing
like that!



Graah.

Graah waah



This drunken
heart-to-heart
is over,
isn't it?



Signs point
to yes.

Excuse me, but
~~why~~ why did
 your ~~partner~~ partner
 kick over
 my coffee?

She's gone
 mad, mad,
 to you!

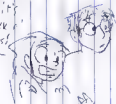


No way, man.
 The training wheels
 are off.
 She's gonna
 be carving
 a super
 of
 destruction



I also told
 you it's
 'frickin'
 boss!

She looked
 upset.
 And we
 should go
 of her. Her.



HA HA HA HA HA



I know a lot of ~~the~~ the
old stories aboutoodoo are
~~happening~~ already,

but they say people used to
visit the Bapa
des Sauvages
for weird
ceremonies.



Yes
where?

And I
come here
and
get

A tea
party.

A tea
party!



~~There were~~ ~~There were~~
~~There were~~ There were
hordes of young women, from chambermaids
to society
ladies,
danced, nide
with
down.



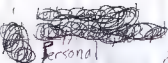
At that
was a
time

~~There were~~
This afternoon is a
microcosm of my entire
life
to date.



Little
chocolate
suck es

This is better
than a
rocket
launcher!



Personal
shenanigans

on hold,
no three of us still have
Miss. Amy



Brian, Hes the
kiss hand!



Jaity,
what ~~is~~ is
f n s,



Those papers

need to be
served, and
we still
don't...
know...



Okay, the
four of
us.



Watch out.
Hes a little
pinchy.



Oh, no---
NOT
AGAIN?

GET
USED TO
IT, PAL.



144
JIEDE
01.24.10





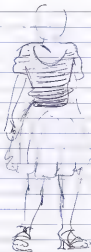


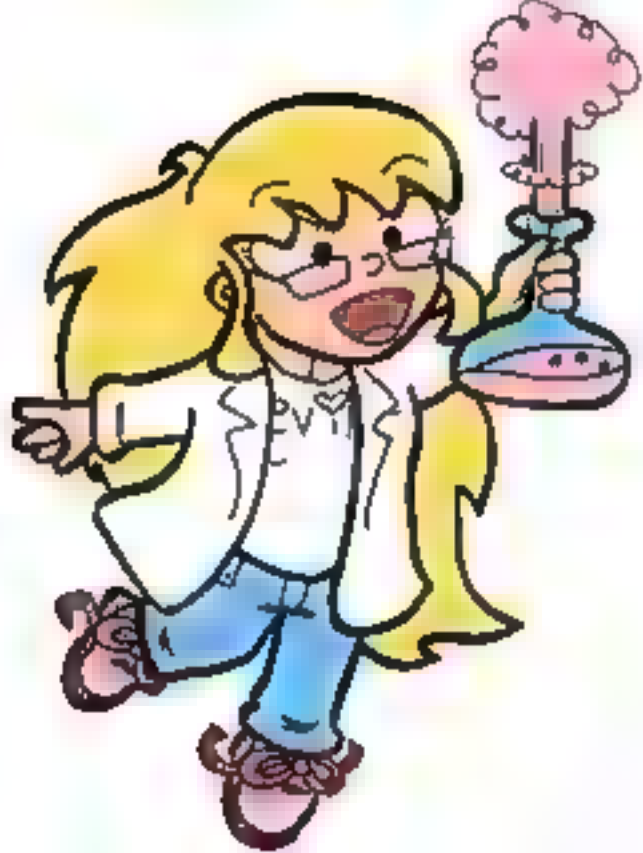


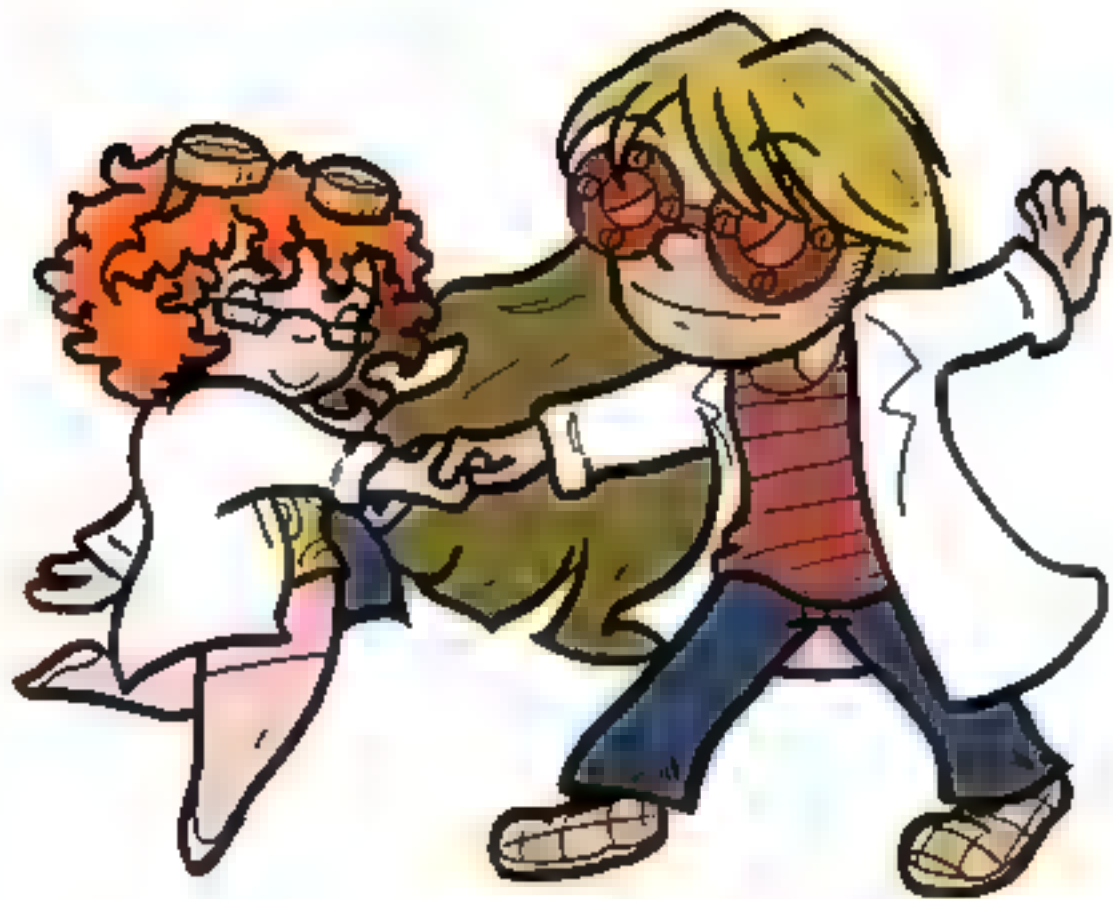
MACHINE of DEATH

A COLLECTION OF STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW THEY WILL DIE

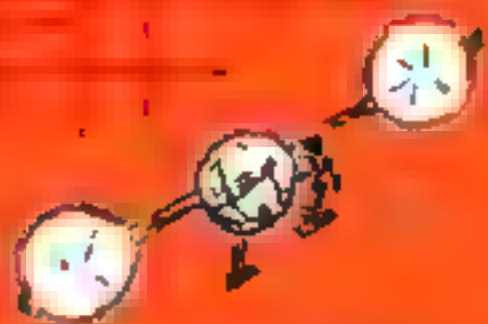
edited by RYAN NORTH MATTHEW BENNARDI & DAVID MALK







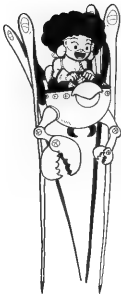




Skin Horse







I called
Moustachios local
but I've been on
hold for an hour



Try to ~~reach~~ ^{reach} their
man office



C'mon let's just
crack him open &
see if we can yank
out the
evil gears



Don't touch
him!
Moustachios is
master of the global
machine union!



So?



So if we
can't ~~reach~~ ^{reach} him,
try to repair him,
it voids his
warranty.



Oh, yeah
Like how the dead rights
gays don't want me as a
Simpsons patron.



I told him the
30-year ⁵⁰year
crum but he's ^{still} pranging
for it ~~pranging~~



We can't fix him
ourselves, anyway.

He was made by a
mad scientist 150 years ago. ~~It'd take~~
~~a specialist.~~



You know,
that's a thought.



A health-care
program?



No, a
parole
program.



Moustachio's a ~~civil servant~~.

~~He's eligible for~~
~~the~~
~~government health care.~~
And there's ~~that~~ federal
program that
recently launched.



Yeah, we definitely
want ~~this~~
in our
lives.



Well, not a normal
parole program. A
top-secret experimental
program involving only the
most deadly criminals.



He's the
the Institute?
I'm calling about
your ~~work~~ work rehab
program...



Ask for a
really crazy
one!



I really don't know
about this, guys.
We're talking about
people with a serious
mental disorder.



A seriously useful
disorder.



One of 'em
made Sweethearts.
Eshe turned
out awesome.



More to the
point, one of "them"
made Moustachio.
Maybe one can
repair him.



Didn't he make
Moustachio ~~blow~~
up London?



Parts
of London.



And we need
that capability
back! The
King of England
could come after
us any time!

This is Dr.
~~Berene Jones~~
She was a quiet
academic before
she went
Mad...



Yeah, I used to
walk the straight
~~to the straight~~ Keep my
head down. Straighten my hair.

Then I had a revelation.
You know who wants me
to be
same?
THE
MAN!



That's when I
decided ~~to~~ to
~~reach~~ reach
my own revelation,
speaking
madness
to power.



She knocked
over a Buffalo Exchange
with a giant
robot.



The Man
doesn't
want me
to have
vintage
fries.



Down with
the Man!



Sigh...

The Machine Union exists
for a reason. You have to
understand
what AIs
face from
humans.



Which
is?



They are superior beings,
endowed with abilities we humans
can only fear & envy...



Fear.

Fear of their
power, their
perfection.



All you bloggers
can
step to
teh
back
seat

Nick, would
you stop
speaking in
AutoTune?



That's it,
I'm outta
here.

